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Lyra Americana

OR

Verses of Praise & Faith

FROM

American Poets

SELECTED & ARRANGED BY THE

REV. GEORGE T. RIPER, M.A.



NEW YORK
D. APPLETON & CO.

1865.

JOCelyn N.Y.

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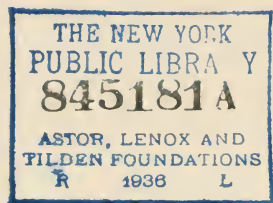
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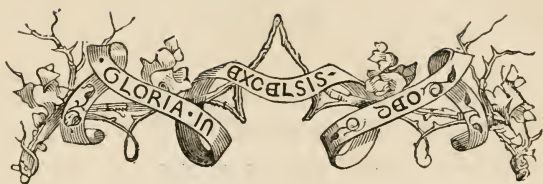
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PREFACE.

A THOUGHTFUL survey of our American Poetry not only suggests, at the outset, the very brief period covered by the history of our literature ; but, at the same time, it discloses and affirms both the individuality and nationality of our literature :—that, as American thinking and living have very little to do with the Old World, so, our literature, in its development, is not an off-shoot of any European stock, nor an exotic acclimated and wonted to our young life ; but is, itself, a logical and legitimate outgrowth of that life, owing little to the Old World and its literature beyond its well-ripened and many-blooded language.

Historically, our lineage touches the Mother Country at a time of intellectual degeneracy.

Johnson 23 Nov 19 95

The days of the great worthies had gone down in a twilight of conventionalism, and the spontaneity and creative force of the old Art had given way to the feeble, debased spirit of the new.

Apart from this unwholesome impulse reaching over our early colonial days, we note the perpetual crisis hanging over them, bringing unrest, fever, and weariness; the different languages and peoples awaiting their slow assimilation; the phrensy of fanaticism displacing a loving faith; and, finally, the widely-spread moral epidemic of skepticism, bred from our French alliance, and lodged in all the high places of the land.

Given a problem involving so many perplexed questions, such subtle relations and possibilities, so many portents of disaster with so little of promise, we may well inquire whether history has elsewhere recorded a more brilliant and rapid solution.

The Puritan element was intrinsically unpoetical. It was intensely polemic and practical. We need not call in question the soundness of

its moral purposes even if we are driven to confess the rudeness of its early culture. To the Puritan, the Beautiful was recognized in none of its spiritual relations: the Beautiful was rather a sorceress—an unwholesome mirage of experience that called for the Exorcist. Its verses, therefore, were as rugged and forbidding as were the domestic and social polity whence they sprung.

Later, when Patriotism, under the fervent fires of the Revolution, found a voice in song, her verses, for the most part, were feeble echoes of the English Heroic rhyme, and wanting, so far as Art-form is concerned, in every element of individuality.

Still less remains to be said respecting the poetry of the Middle and Southern Colonies. Apart from a few faint echoes of the Chivalrous and Amatory poetry of England and the Continent, scarcely a trace survives.

Within the memory of many now living, therefore, may be fixed the virtual boundary of our earliest devout poetry.

The religious poetry of England reaches over more than three hundred years: ours, over

not much more than half a century. A few general considerations will discover and establish their true relations, and exhibit their main points of contrast.

After a painstaking survey of the whole field, we are driven to the conclusion that the Christian Faith seems incidental rather than intrinsic—an accidental mood, rather than an informing spirit quickening more or less vividly our American poetry. Few of our poets are distinctively or altogether religious. There are volumes of poems written by Christian men and women without a disclosure of the Christian Faith: without either the light or heat of its presence. Again, in other directions, Faith takes the shape of sentiment or of ethical speculation hardly level with the aspirations of Cleantes or Pythagoras.

Where the older school of English poetry is strongest, ours is weakest: where they are rich, we are poor.

Historic Christianity, — the Super-natural fact of a present Christ building up a new and inner life,—seems, as yet, at work at the surface,

at the circumference of our national consciousness, while the Gnostic spirit lies entombed at its heart. So that we have too often the Boreal chill, when we seek noon-day warmth; a tender facility for symbolizing among blossoms and birds and brooks, with only a scholarly and æsthetic sense of the Gospels: so that we find, in the main, the Christianity of our general poetry shadowy and spectral, felt rather as a Philosophy than a Belief.

The later period of our poetry, however, gives promise of something more earnest and evangelic.

To make the point clearer—the multitude of the English poets carry with them an atmosphere of genuine Faith. Spencer and Shakespeare are as unequivocally Christian, in Allegory and Drama, as are Milton and Wordsworth in Epic and Sonnet and Ode. In all their work, in larger or less degree, wrought the common Faith.

There was no line of definition fixed between the devout and the secular poet. While some few were given altogether to sacred verse,

fewer were either altogether secular or unchristian. Indeed, if the parallel were pursued far enough in the opposite direction, we would sometimes find Faith and Secularity in almost profane intimacy; where, with us, we meet habitually an estrangement almost as shocking to the moral sense.

A Christian poet need not always write Hymns or even devout verses; yet the leaven of Faith should, in some degree, be felt in whatever he writes.

Again, our religious poetry lacks that deep Historical back-ground of Ecclesiastical architecture and tradition—that rich Liturgical usage and feeling which lend so many grave and varied splendours of ripeness, mystery, colour, and tone, to the English school. It is wanting, too, in the congruity and unity that in a large degree flow from these broad influences. Neither do we behold that steady glow of style, born of high polish and consummate discipline, cherished in the University life.

But we have caught from Nature more than she has hitherto vouchsafed since the days of

the Psalmist. All her sweetest inspirations have come down like life-blood into our sacred verse. Besides, we have developed a subjectivity, calm, pure, and worshipful, wherein the Soul herself sings with a rapture above and beyond her Art. And not unwillingly have we felt the undertones of the old Church Life and Art breathing through new yet congenial forms with a young tenderness and beauty. It is a comfortable thought, in this connection, that the right and wrong, the woe and welfare of humanity, have largely tempered our verses with evangelic force.

It would not be hard to show, that, in living sympathy with the purest school of English, in the natural use of its best and earliest graces, in the management and mastery of finest rhythms, in delicacy and energy, in subjection of words to the subtlest uses of thought and spirit, much of our later verse closely approaches, if it does not abundantly realize, the highest standard of excellence.

This volume undertakes to gather in the best sacred verses from all available sources, entirely irrespective of Doctrinal or Ecclesiasti-

cal affinities, or individual preferences;—verses breathing something of a common Catholicity, while representing the Lyric spirit of our different Communions: and the compiler has taken especial pains to render it a discriminating and fairly proportioned representative of the whole subject. The limited number of pages, it is hoped, will sufficiently account for the absence of certain poems and authors entitled to consideration in any general, very comprehensive work.

The compiler desires to express his obligations for the use of many public and private Libraries; and especially to convey his grateful thanks to those literary gentlemen and authors, who have largely aided him in the progress of this work.

G. T. R.



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Lyra Americana.



A D V E N T.

“Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice. The Lord is at hand.”

NOW gird your patient loins again,
Your wasting torches trim;
The Chief of all the sons of men—
Who will not welcome Him?
Rejoice! the hour is near; at length
The Journeyer on His way
Comes in the greatness of His strength
To keep His holy day.

With cheerful hymns and garlands sweet,
Along His wintry road,
Conduct Him to His green retreat,
His sheltered, safe abode;

Fill all His courts with sacred songs,
And from the temple wall
Wave verdure o'er the joyful throngs
That crowd his festival.

And still more greenly in the mind
Store up the hopes sublime
Which then are born for all mankind,
So blessed was the time ;
And underneath these hallowed eaves
A Saviour will be born
In every heart that Him receives
On His triumphal morn.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.



THE TWO ADVENTS.

HE came not, with His heavenly
crown, His sceptre clad with power,
His coming, was in feebleness, the
infant of an hour ;

An humble manger cradled, first, the Virgin's
holy birth,

And lowing herds companioned there, the Lord
of heaven and earth.

He came not in His robe of wrath, with arm
outstretched to slay ;

But on the darkling paths of earth, to pour
celestial day,

To guide in peace the wandering feet ; the
broken heart to bind ;

And bear, upon the painful cross, the sins of
human kind.

And Thou hast borne them, Saviour meek ! and
therefore unto Thee,
In humbleness, and gratitude, our hearts shall
offered be ;
And greenly, as the festal bough, that, on Thy
altar lies,
Our souls, our bodies, all be Thine, a living
sacrifice !

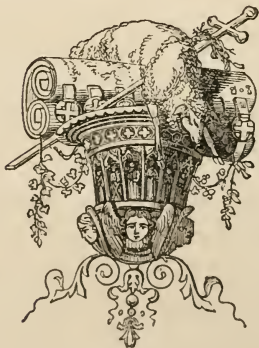
Yet once again, Thy sign shall be, upon the
heavens, displayed,
And earth, and its inhabitants, be terribly afraid ;
For, not in weakness, clad, Thou com'st our
woes, our sins, to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might, His ven-
geance to declare.

The terrors of that awful day, Oh ! who shall
understand ?
Or, who abide, when Thou in wrath, shalt lift
Thy holy hand ?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar, the
sun in heaven grow pale,
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change, Thy
faithful will not fail.

Then grant us, Saviour ! so to pass our time in
trembling, here,

That when, upon the clouds of heaven, Thy
glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads, in triumph we
may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train, Thy temple,
in the skies !

BISHOP DOANE.



THE BIRTH-SONG OF CHRIST.

ALM on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
O'er silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels with their sparkling lyres
Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day Spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

“Glory to God !” the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
“Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven’s eternal King.”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem :
The Saviour now is born,
And bright on Bethlehem’s joyous plains
Break the first Christmas morn.

E. H. SEARS.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOY and gladness ! joy and gladness !
Oh ! happy day !
Every thought of sin and sadness
Chase, chase away.
Heard ye not the angels telling,
Christ the Lord of might excelling,
On the earth with man is dwelling,
Clad in our clay ?

With the shepherd-throng around Him
Haste we to bow ;
By the angel's sign they found Him,
We know Him now ;
New-born babe of houseless stranger,
Cradled low in Bethlehem's manger,
Saviour from our sin and danger,
Jesus 'tis Thou !

God of Life, in mortal weakness,
Hail, Virgin-born!
Infinite in lowly meekness,
Thou wilt not scorn,
Though all Heaven is singing o'er Thee,
And gray wisdom bows before Thee,
When our youthful hearts adore Thee,
This holy morn.

Son of Mary, (blessed mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our elder brother,
(O gentle name!)
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother were Thine:
By Thy fight with strong temptation,
By Thy cup of tribulation,
Oh! thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine!

In Thy holy footsteps treading
 Guide, lest we stray ;
From Thy word of promise shedding
 Light on our way ;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
And at last to glory take us,
 Jesus, we pray.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HARK ! hark ! with harps of gold,
What anthem do they sing ?—
The radiant clouds have backward
rolled,

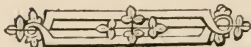
And angels smite the string.
“Glory to God !”—bright wings
Spread glistening and afar,
And on the hallowed rapture rings
From circling star to star.

“Glory to God !” repeat
The glad earth and the sea ;
And every wind and billow fleet,
Bears on the jubilee.
Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
Or Hebrew bard hath trod,
Each holy spot has found a tongue :
“Let glory be to God.”

Soft swells the music now
Along that shining choir,
And every seraph bends his brow
And breathes above his lyre.
What words of heavenly birth
Thrill deep our hearts again,
And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
“Peace and good will to men.”

Soft!—yet the soul is bound
With rapture like a chain:
Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
And heaven repeats the strain.
Sound, harps, and hail the morn
With every golden string;—
For unto us this day is born
A Saviour and a King!

E. H. CHAPIN.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

HE bells—the bells—the Christmas
bells

How merrily they ring !

As if they felt the joy they tell

To every human thing.

The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,

Are swelling soft and clear,

As, wave on wave, the tide of sound

Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,

They're ringing in the morn !

They ring when in the eastern sky

The golden light is born ;

They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,

And gilds the village spire—

When, through the sky, the sovereign sun

Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,
How merrily they ring!
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,
A kindlier life they bring.
The poor man on his couch of straw,
The rich on downy bed,
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet
Of angels overhead.


The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,
O'er many a mile they sound!
And household tones are answering them
In thousand homes around.
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,
With youth's strong accents blend,
And manhood's deep and earnest tones
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells—the solemn Christmas bells,
They're calling us to prayer;
And hark, the voice of worshippers
Floats on the morning air.
Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,
And glorious hymns to-day,
TE DEUMS loud and GLORIAS:
Come, to the Church,—away.

JOHN W. BROWN.

A V I S O N.

CHORUS.

HOUT the glad tidings, exultingly
sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is
King !

Sion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth !
The brightest Archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon
earth.

Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round ;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting is
crowned.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosannas arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the
skies.

MUHLENBURG.



CHRIST WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.



BLESSED Jesus ! when I see Thee
bending,
Girt as a servant, at Thy servants'
feet,
Love, lowliness, and might, in zeal all blending,
To wash their dust away, and make them
meet
To share Thy feast. I know not to adore,
Whether Thy humbleness or glory more.

Conscious Thou art of that dread hour impend-
ing,
When Thou must hang in anguish on the
tree ;
Yet, as from the beginning, to the ending
Of Thy sad life, Thine own are dear to
Thee,—

And Thou wilt prove to them, ere Thou dost
part,
The untold love which fills Thy faithful heart.

The day, too, is at hand, when, far ascending,
Thy human brow the crown of God shall
wear,
Ten thousand saints and radiant ones attending,
To do Thy will and bow in homage there ;
But Thou dost pledge, to guard Thy church
from ill,
Or bless with good, Thyself a servant still.

Meek Jesus ! to my soul, Thy spirit lending,
Teach me to live, like Thee, in lowly love ;
With humblest service all Thy saints befriending,
Until I serve before Thy throne above—
Yes ! serving e'er my foes, for Thou didst seek
The feet of Judas in Thy service meek.

Daily my pilgrim feet, as homeward wending
My weary way, are sadly stained with sin ;
Daily do Thou, Thy precious grace expending,
Wash me all clean without, and clean within,
And make me fit to have a part with Thee
And Thine, at last, in Heaven's festivity.

O blessed name of SERVANT! comprehending
Man's highest honour in his humblest name;
For Thou, God's Christ, that office recom-
mending,

The throne of mighty power didst truly claim;
He who would rise like Thee, like Thee must
owe


His glory only to his stooping low.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.



THE HEART'S SONG.

"Behold I stand at the door."

N the silent midnight watches,
List thy bosom-door ;
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin ;
'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,
Rise and let me in.

Death comes down with equal footstep
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut !
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;
But thy door is fast :
Grieved, at length away He turneth,
Death breaks in at last !

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in ;
At the door of Heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But—He knows thee not !

A. C. COXE.



JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

WATCHER, who watch'st by the
bed of pain,
While the stars sweep on in
their midnight train;
Stifling the tear for thy loved one's sake;
Holding thy breath, lest his sleep should break;
In thy loneliest hours, there is a helper nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger, afar from thy native land,
Whom no one takes with a brother's hand,
Table, and hearthstone are glowing free,
Casements are sparkling, but not for thee,
There is one who can tell of a home on high,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

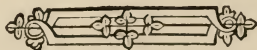
Sad one, in secret, bending low,
A dart in thy breast, that the world may not
know.

Striving the favour of God to win,—
Asking His pardon for days of sin ;
Press on, press on, with thy earnest cry,
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Mourner, who sits in the church-yard lone,
Scanning the lines on that marble stone,—
Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed,
Planting the myrtle, the rose instead—
Look up, look up, with thy tearful eye,
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Fading one, with the hectic streak,
With thy vein of fire, and thy burning cheek,
Fear'st thou to tread the darkened vale
Look unto One, who can never fail.
He hath trod it Himself, He will hear thy sigh,
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



THE PITYING CHRIST.


MY Saviour ! art Thou there ?
From within this wasted heart,
Cries of shame and deep woe start :
Empty chambers, empty halls,
Everywhere some lone voice calls :
There dwelt pleasure : there came sin :
Wailing sounds now roam within.
Saviour ! Oh ! if Thou art there,
Be my heart of all else bare !

O my Saviour art Thou there ?
Otherwheres I looked too long ;
Till I read thy dear looks wrong ;
Love on others I have thrown,
And my Lord have all unknown.
Now, by loss and sorrow wise !
Lord ! if Thou, indeed, be there,
Give Thy prodigal his share !

ROBERT LOWELL.

STILL AS OUR DAY.

“As thy day so shall thy strength be.”

TILL as our day our strength
shall be,
While still, good Lord, we trust in
Thee ;

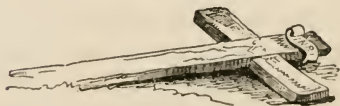
While on Thy promise we depend,
Our Saviour, brother, father, friend ;
Our great High Priest, to whom were known
Temptations, troubles, like our own,
Who can be touched with mortal care,
For Thou didst all our sorrows bear.

Oh Lamb of God, the world on Thee,
Hath laid her deep infirmity ;
And in the cross that weighed Thee down,
The bitter scourge, the thorny crown,
Thou all her griefs, and all her fears,
Didst bear through all Thine earthly years,
The guiltless, for the guilty one,
For man, the Everlasting Son.

Oh Saviour mine, how great the love,
That brought Thee from Thy throne above !
That love, what seraph's lyre can tell,
That wondrous love unspeakable !
So infinite, so all divine !
Unlike all other love but Thine,
Like none but Jesu, none but Thee
Thou bleeding Lamb of Calvary !

Give me, Thou glorious Lamb of God,
Daily to walk, where Thou hast trod,
And in adoring rapture grow,
As in Thy lowly steps I go.
Give me to ponder, more and more,
Thy words and Thy example's lore,
That walking here, my God with Thee,
Still as my days my strength may be.

A. C. COXE.



THE PASSION FLOWER.

WILD Superstition named the
flower
In memory of that awful hour,
When HE whom heaven and
earth adore
The death of shame and sorrow bore.

They called the purple circlet there
The crown of thorns 'twas His to wear ;
And every leaf seemed to their eye
Memorial of His agony.

'Tis fancy all—yet do not scorn
The thought of adoration born !
But let each flower that meets our sight
Recall the Lord of life and light.

There's not one flower that decks the vale,
And with its fragrance scents the gale,
That does not bid our hearts arise
To Him who dwells beyond the skies.

In valley lone, on mountain height,
All in one common tale unite :
All speak His love, who died, that we
Might live through all eternity.

ANNA EASTBURN.



*BEYOND WHERE CEDRON'S WATERS
FLOW.*

BEYOND where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane ;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

He bows beneath the sins of men ;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts His mournful eyes above—
“My Father can this cup remove?”

With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to His Father's will
In sad Gethsemane ;
“Behold Me here, Thine only Son ;
And, Father, let Thy will be done.”

The Father heard ; and angels, there,
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
 In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain—
Then rose to life and joy again.

When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
 To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there,
And humbly bow, like Him, in prayer.

S. F. SMITH.



O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN.

SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed
down ;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown ;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine ;
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinner's gain :
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour !
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;
Look on me with Thy favour
Vouchsafe on me Thy grace.


The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When, in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life desiring
Thy glory now I see ;
Beside Thy cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
O make me Thine forever ;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for Thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O, show Thy cross to me ;
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free !
When strength and comfort languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from my anguish
By Thine own pain and woe.

J. W. ALEXANDER.

STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

T is finished! Man of Sorrows!
From Thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer! draw us to Thee;
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted!
May that sacred emblem be;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee!

Still to Thee! whose love unbounded,
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be Thy cross forever ;
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before !

T. H. HEDGE.



*BEFORE THE IVORY STATUE OF
CHRIST.*



HE enthusiast brooding in his cell
apart
O'er the sad image of the Crucified,—
The drooping head, closed lips, and pierced
side,—
A holy vision fills his raptured heart ;
With heavenly power inspired, his unskilled
arm
Shapes the rude block to this transcendent
form.
Oh Son of God ! thus, ever thus, would I
Dwell on the loveliness enshrined in
Thee ;
The lofty faith, the sweet humility ;
The boundless love, the love that could not
die.

And as the sculptor, with Thy glory
warm,
Gave to this chiseled ivory Thy form,
So would my spirit, in Thy thought divine,
Grow to a semblance, deep as this, of
Thine.

ANNE C. LYNCH.



A NEW COMMANDMENT.


BENEATH the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of Love.

O bond of union strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. LONGFELLOW.

VEXILLA REGIS.

ORTH flames the standard of our
King,
Bright gleams the mystic sign,
When life bore death of suffer-
ing,
And death wrought life divine.

The stabs of the accursed spear,
Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
With water and with blood.

Fulfilled is each prophetic word,
Each faith-inspiring strain,
Telling the nations of that Lord,
Who by the Cross should reign.

Hail, Cross of Christ ! man's only hope ;
While now we gaze and pray,
Dear Lord, th' exhaustless fountains ope,
And wash our sins away.

BISHOP WILLIAMS.

(From the Breviary.)




E A S T E R.

NCE more thou comest, O delicious
Spring !
And as thy light and gentle foot-
steps tread
Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
Breathest revival over everything.
Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
The cold and faded into life and bloom,
Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming :
For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
But in her resurrection tells our own.
As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
In incorruption shall be raised again.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

EASTER-DAY.

LAD Easter morning came, and
bright as glad :
For as the Feast, like sudden noon-
tide, broke

Above the Cross, thus, from the brooding night
Of howling storm, flashed forth the golden day.
The ringers smote wild music from the bells
High in mid-air, from spire and turret pealing,
Chiming and tolling, till the blue heavens, filled
With legions of the Tone-World, seemed to
sing

And shout of rapture overfull. I sought
The holy place, where unseen things of God
Verge nearest to our darkened sphere—where
men

Hungry at heart and waiting for the Lord
Taste evidence of Hope—substance of Faith,
So sweet, that in the mystery they say

They find the Christ. As I drew near the
church

A throbbing undertone of organ sound
Breathed on me from the pile, as if the whole—
Nave, chancel, tower, and spire—had caught
The resonance within, and would both tell
And sing the story of the Changeless Faith.
Within the door, the font again gave welcome,
Garlanded and crowned with fairest flowers,
Censing the air with Spring-time ecstasy
Of odours :—odours—seraph sounds of praise—
And radiance trailing from the pictured panes—
(A thrilling sense of angels in the air !)
Love wreathed a glory from this mystic Trine
Of Beauty, for the holy place of God.
In the far Chancel, with fair cloth arrayed,
And glowing, golden vessels of the Feast,
The Altar stood, with sacred Monogram
Aflame. Camelia trees were there, and bloomed
In white, as if the birds of peace had found
A resting-place, and would soon rise and sing.
In the great window kindling in the East
Shone Mary's Son and Saviour—either side,
By twos, the Great Evangelists ; while the Dawn,
With stately step, asperged the quarried walls,
And surpliced priests, and the ingathering
throng
With splendors from the City of our God.

Confession made, and shriving words of Christ
Opened my lips and eased my burdened heart
For praise : and then we sang of life, and Him
Who feeds His children with it—heard the
Word,

And made Te Deum till the walls did ring
With answering echoes : then our hearts touched
hands

In fellowship as large as Earth and Heaven
In the old, primal Creed ; then turned to Christ
In prayer, as children asking drink and bread
At home ; and I was heard while I besought.
And yet my wounded heart did make lament,
And bolder grew with grief, as Christ drew near.
O bitter grief, beyond the healing balm !
O bitter grief, when through the weary years
The heart bewails its dead ; and waiting, faints
In fast, for feet that will not come again !
O bitter grief, when little faces flit
More dimly than before—dying again !
Until the heart cries out, O Lord, if Thou
Canst not give back to me my darling dead,
Let their dear faces fade no more away.

In faith, in tears, athirst for life and love,
I knelt before the Supper of the Lord.
Ah me ! I knelt beside an open grave !
The while I kept the Rising of the Lord,

I kept the birth-day of my child in death !
O life in death ! O death in life ! Come, Christ,
Shine with Thy Presence on my sleeping
child !

Give me to see the vision of Thy Dead !
The first-born—bid her lead the other two !
Thou hast them—show this tender grace to-
day !
Thou art the Life—Thy pulses throb in mine :
This only crumb from Thy full table, Lord !

I felt the stir of the invisible Ones
Who serve within the Mystery. Breathings
Of love unutterable coursed through my soul.

And Mary's Son, above me, seemed to say :
'Who walk by sight, walk not with me this
day ;
Who feed on sense, must perish by the way.

'Thy babes are mine and thine—lament no
more !
Their shining footsteps lead thee to my door.
Son ! look to me, and give Thy grieving o'er.

'They keep a better Easter, here, with me—
If they have me, no other need can be :
Only look up, and thou, at last, shalt see !'

O Living Bread ! I feed on Thee alone !
O quickening Wine, I drink to thirst no more !
The WORD hath spoken and my heart is still !
The healing touch hath stayed my wasting
wound !

I, who was blind, do now begin to see !

Then broke the organ into jubilee !
And we who die, and they who cannot die
Again, sang: Glory be to God on High.
The kindling colours blazoned—"Easter-Day ;"
And breathed the flowers—"this is Easter-
Day ;"

And choral echoes whispered far away—
" 'Tis Easter—Easter-day ! 'tis Easter-Day !"

GEORGE T. RIDER.



*THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK
OF DAY.*



HE mourners came, at break of
day,

Unto the garden sepulchre,
With saddened hearts to weep and
pray

For Him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchre'd beneath the snow,
When wint'ry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flow'rets bloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not, beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;

The happy spirit hath but fled
To brighter realms of heavenly day ;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

S. F. ADAMS.



THE LORD IS RISEN.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom !
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain ;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Ye mourning saints! dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
“Behold the place—He is not there,”
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain:
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your advocate and friend :

Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.


How tranquil now the rising day !
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shine upon the soul,
How blissful then to die :
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

T. HASTINGS.



*EVEN SO IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE
MADE ALIVE.*

 IFT your glad voices in triumph on
high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die,

Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
Him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high—
“The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die.”

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy :
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy ;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were
our end ;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.

Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

H. WARE, Jr.



THE TRUE PASSOVER.

NCE the angel started back,
When he saw the blood-stained
door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

Now our Passover is come
Dimly shadowed in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ, the Lord, is slain at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

Blessed Victim sent from Heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,

To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou has conquered death's dread strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

BISHOP WILLIAMS.

(From the Breviary.)



*THE NIGHT COMETH WHEN NO
MAN CAN WORK.*



ANING life and weary,
Fainting heart and limb,
Darkening road and dreary,
Flashing eye grown dim ;
All betokening nightfall near,
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory,
From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary—
Kiss that closing eye ;
Now drops the curtain on all wrong—
Throes of sorrow—grief and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
Ere life passed away,
Faintly smile while eyeing
Yonder setting day ;

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign—
Cried, with forehead shining :
Father, I am thine !
And so to rest he quietly hath pass'd,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter at last.

WILLIAM WILSON.



THE REFUGEE.

“Whom have I in Heaven but thee?” *Psalms 13-25.*

BUT Thee, O God! but Thee,
To whom shall I address
My wail of deep distress?
Thou only who canst see
My spirit's brokenness,
Thou only, who alone canst heal
The pangs I bear, the ills I feel.

To Thee, Oh God! to Thee,
With lowly heart I bend;
Lord, to my prayer attend,
And haste to succour me,
Thou never failing Friend!
For seas of trouble o'er me roll,
And whelm with tears my sinking soul.

From Thee, O God! from Thee,
By phantom passions led,

Like him of old* I fled !
Saying this earth shall be,
To me a heaven instead.
But then didst Thou in mercy thrust
My earthly idols to the dust.

On Thee, Oh God ! on Thee
With humble hope I'll lean,
Thou who hast ever been
A hiding place to me,
In many a troubled scene ;
Whose heart with love and mercy fraught
Back to the fold Thy wand'rer brought.

WILLIAM WILSON.

* Jonah.



*WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG
THE DEAD.*



H! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,

Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even Hope had wrought.


While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring Trust.

Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more ;
But holy joys shall walk with him.

G. S. BURLEIGH.



EASTER ON MOUNT OLIVET.

 T morning twilight, when the
dreaming soul
Gropes in the grey of dim and
weird-like thought,
A sweet voice whispered:—‘Lo, the Christ
has risen,
And walks among the olives.’ In glad haste,
Still through still city, and adown the street
Of Sorrows crept I to the gate, whose stones
Yet weep with Stephen’s blood. The bearded
guard
Upturned a half-shut eye ; near broken tomb,
Shivering a Jewish leper slept. All slept ;
Only the wind moaned thro’ the hollow gorge,
As of a prophet wailing in his grave,
And a leaf quivered on the gnarléd bough,
Ghostly beside dry Kedron. Up I clomb,
And with me clomb the mist, white-wingéd,
swift,

Till, gazing from the brow, lo ! a wild sea
It surged above the valley and the wall
Of the lost city ; tomb, and topmost tree
Sank sudden ; hoary mosque and battlement ;
And as the sailor in the stormy trough
Sees earth nor heaven, but crested ocean peaks
Swooping upon him, so stood I alone
With the drear hilltop and the swallowing night.
When hark ! this music sang : “ A little while,
And ye shall see me ; ” then the shapeless cloud
Seemed struggling to a smile, a deep, soft eye,
A brow thorn-crowned, and from each thorny
edge

Trickled a drop of light. “ I am,” it said,
“ One who left Heaven, when the Christ arose,
Wearing, so love I Him, the face He wore,
And in His holy footprints aye I walk,
Till that He come again. Behold thou now
His keen-eyed messenger ! ” Thro’ the cloud,
A sword of fire, the flashing sunbeam clove :
It smote the hilltop, the grey olives burned
As the red bush of Moses, down the slopes
Joyous it leaped, then calmly stayed and bathed
In wondrous flood the lone Gethsemane.
Before me, as the landskip of a dream,
Rose up the gleaming mount, and thro’ the
gorge

Out to the hollow waste the surly mist

Fled, as a baffled monster of the sun,
Back to his caves.

When now, "Behold again,"
Heard I the bodiless voice. And lo! no more
The grey, old walls, the storm-scathed, barren
hills,

But in that mystic light a City of God,
Unspeakable, e'en by his golden lips,
Who saw the Bride of Christ, and in his trance
Fell words as flashes from the crystal gates,
And sunlit ripples on the river of life.
But mine how dumb! how idly do I grope
Midst images of joy! a melody
Dim whispering to me still, as if I stood
Upon a lonely shore, and heard afar
Snatches of song high billowing on the breeze,
Over a starlit sea:—a towering pile,
That crumbles at the touch of after thought,
As in the tropic sunset sudden rise
Fair, golden palaces 'mid groves of palm,
Gleaming and gone! so saw I pinnacles
Of a new Temple, where yon Paynim mosque
Spurns Sion, and a dome dashing its waves
Of light o'er walls of light. About it walked
Forms wonderful: one with a craggy brow
Like Sinai, and the veil half lifted up;
O kingly harper, chaunting as he went;
An eye from a dark mantle, gazing keen

Into the cloud-rift as a written scroll ;
Then came a sad, sweet woman, her white
hairs

A crown of woven rays ; she leaned on one
Whose childlike smile said, "Mother, behold
thy son."

And still they rose, fresh lights, innumerable,
In lustrous groups ; such the glad watcher
sees,

Nearing the Southern cross, in clusters rich,
As love had blent their torches, and beyond
Three vapoury piles, that are the golden dust
Of starry worlds.

Then in my waking dream
Sang I my matin song. Dawn, Easter sun,
Dawn in thy strength ! Hail to thee, holy hill,
Beloved above all hills that climb to heaven,
The loftier peaks look snow-clad on the vale,
And fairer slopes smile joyous, holier thou
With these green memories ! ye aged trees,
Binding your gnarled, grey arms in silent
prayer

Over the garden, ye shall wear the bloom
Of fadeless spring ! O city of the Christ !
Gazing from lonely heights upon the tomb
Of a dead Past, rise with thy living stones ;
Thy Temple the wide human heart, thy song
The tide of faith, of hope fresh pouring on

Thro' newborn years of time; thy endless
life

As His, the Man Divine, whose feet yet
walk

Among the olives, and His eyes yet look
In love and sorrow from the mount of God.

E. A. WASHBURN.



BLOW ON, THOU MIGHTY WIND.

BLOW on, Thou mighty Wind,
The cloven tongues descending,
Fanned by Thy dewy Breath, shall
blaze and burn,

A sacred flame unending.
Soon shall the Fire behold
Vile earth transformed to fine wrought gold ;
And gloom of shadowy night
That Flame shall kindle into light :
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
And waft to realms unbounded
The notes of Faith and Hope and tender Love
The Gospel trump hath sounded.
Those sweetly piercing tones,
That charm all wars and tears and groans,
Through earth and sea and sky

Upon Thy rushing wings shall fly :
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, Thou mighty Wind ;
 For tempest-tossed and lonely,
The Church upon the rolling billows rides,
 And trusts in Thy Breath only.
 She spreads her swelling sails
For Thee to fill with favoring gales,
 Till, through the stormy sea,
Thou bring her home where she would be ;
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

Blow on, Thou mighty Wind,
 On hearts contrite and broken,
And bring in quickening power the gracious
 words
 That JESU's lips have spoken.
 Lo ! then, from death and sleep,
The listening souls to life shall leap ;
 Then love shall reign below,
And Joy the whole wide world o'erflow :
Therefore, Thou mighty Wind, blow on.

To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
 By all in earth and heaven,
And to the HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
 Eternal praise be given :

As once triumphant rang
When morning stars together sang ;
Is now, as aye before ;
And shall be so for evermore,
World without end. Amen. Amen.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, Jr.



*O THOU IN WHOSE ETERNAL
NAME.*



THOU in whose eternal name
Went forth the Apostles' ardent
host,
Baptize us with the hallowed flame
That fell from Heaven at Pentecost.

The fearless faith that cries "Repent!"
Thy servants' earnest message fill;
By Thee the living word was sent,
Thy presence make it living still.

And while Thy people bend and pray
Towards Thy benignant throne of light,
Give answer in the dawning day
Of Freedom, Mercy, Truth, and Right.

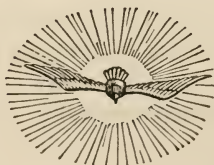
Immortal Truth! it lives in Thee;
Our hope shall lean on Thee alone!

Thy Christ be all our liberty,
And all our strength and will Thy own !

Father, whose heavenly kingdom lies
In every meek believing breast,
Reveal before Thy children's eyes
That kingdom's coming, and its rest !

Give Thy Son's herald, from above,
The anointing of Thy Spirit's breath ;
The faith that worked in Christ by love,
The trust that triumphed in His death.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.



I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

ALWAYS with us, always with
us—

Words of cheer and words of
love ;

Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.

With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none,
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won ;

With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear ;—

With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream,
Lighting up the steps to glory
With Salvation's radiant beam.

NEVIN.



HOLY SPIRIT, TRUTH DIVINE.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and Inward Light!
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By the way I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly *bound*, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
“Spring, O Well! forever spring.”
S. LONGFELLOW.



HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

REATOR Spirit! come and bless
us ;

Let Thy love and fear possess us ;
With Thy graces meek and lowly

Purify our spirits wholly.

Paraclete, the name Thou bearest,
Gift of God the choicest, dearest,
Love, and fire, and fountain living,
Spiritual unction giving,
Shower Thy benedictions seven
From Thy majesty in heaven.

Be the Saviour's word unbroken,
Let Thy many tongues be spoken ;
In our sense Thy light be glowing,
Through our souls Thy love be flowing ;
Cause the carnal heart to perish,
But the strength of virtue cherish,

Till each enemy repelling,
And Thy peace around us dwelling,
We beneath Thy guidance glorious,
Stand o'er every ill victorious.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.



TER SANCTUS.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy
Name ;
Forever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide,
Along the realms of upper day.


O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. EASTBURN.



THE MYSTERY OF GOD.

 O human eyes Thy face may see ;
No human thought Thy form may
know ;
But all creation dwells in Thee,
And Thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek Thy present aid may dare.

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream,
To see and know the Eternal Mind ;

Yet Thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve Thy life divine,


But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by Thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to Thee.

T. W. HIGGINSON.



THE CHURCH OF GOD.

IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found ;

O cease my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire ;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

MUHLENBURG.



THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

WHEN God descends with men
to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the
wonders tell?

What eye the dazzling glory view?

Zion, the desolate, again

Shall see her lands with roses bloom ;
And Carmel's mount, and Sharon's plain,
Shall yield their spices and perfume.

Celestial streams shall gently flow ;

The wilderness shall joyful be ;
Lilies on parchéd ground shall grow ;
And gladness spring on every tree.

The weak be strong, the fearful bold,

The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,


The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
And joy through all the earth shall ring.

Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love ;
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign,
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

H. BALLOU.



THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

LING out the Banner ! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and
wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the Banner ! Angels bend,
In anxious silence, o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the Banner ! Heathen lands
Shall see, from far, the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the Banner ! Sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the Banner ! Let it float
 Sky-ward, sea-ward, high and wide ;
Our glory, only in the Cross ;
 Our only hope the Crucified.


Fling out the Banner ! Wide and high,
 Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours ;
 We conquer only in that sign.

BISHOP DOANE.



*HYMN FOR THE FESTIVAL OF ST.
THOMAS THE APOSTLE.*

(From the Epistle for the Day.)

TRANGERS no more we wildly
rove
Without a blessing from above,
On passions stormy sea ;
But with the followers of the Lamb
We live to praise His holy name,
To all eternity.

Upon a sure foundation laid,
Jesus, Himself the corner's head,
The building grows on high ;
No storms can shake, no billows sweep
Its firm foundations to the deep,
'Tis guarded by the sky.

O may we each through faith prepare
In that resplendent pile to share,

Each be a living stone ;
That God may there forever dwell,
And bliss and light ineffable
Eternal ages crown !

J. W. EASTBURN.



THE KINGDOM OF OUR GOD.

OME, Kingdom of our God;
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, Kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest
Sons of one family.

Come, Kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

JOHNS.



THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

THOU, Lord of Hosts, whose guiding
hand
Hast brought us here before Thy
face ;
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace !

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on Thy holy shrine ;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
The soldiers of the cross are Thine.

While watching on our arms, at night,
We saw Thine angels round us move ;
We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
And followed trusting to Thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God !

We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which Sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying flight ;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be Thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.



CHURCH BUILDING.

HE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God :
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.


He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky ;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky,—and “all was good ;”
And when its first pure praises rang,
The “morning stars together sang.”

Lord ! 'tis not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for Thee ;
But in Thy sight our offering stands—
A humbler temple, “made with hands.”

N. P. WILLIS.

THE PRIEST THAT MUST BE.

HOU art to be a priest in holy things;
A minister of thy great Maker,
God!

Oh! all of earth that to thy earth-heart clings,—
And all the bribe-gifts that the fair world
brings,—
All that the Tempter's voice most sweetly
sings,
Calling thy spirit to come forth, abroad,
Oh, not for thee,—they must not be for thee!
What they have been, no more must ever
be.

In Christ's eternal priesthood thou wilt share,
To reconcile to God His sinful sons:
Ambassadors from God, thou, too, shalt wear
His very person, and thy tongue shall dare
In Christ's stead, to beseech the erring ones.

Who is enough for this far-reaching work ?
At whose poor heart doth not the vile worm
lurk ?

This priceless trust in earthen case is set :
Who holds it falls, if he do once forget
In God's gift, only, might and worth are
met.

When, in Christ's name and stead, thou shalt
beseech,
His loving Gospel to the others preach,
And pledges of God's grace share forth to
each ;—

When other hearts lie open to thine own,
Eyes trusting look to thee, as on a throne ;
Nothing but Christ's rich blood can for thyself
atone.

Bethink thee, well, how one may speak true
blame
Of deadly sin, and load it thick with shame ;
One may bear charge for God and take Christ's
name,
And yet, at Reckoning, may be cast off,
A woe to loving ones, to friends a scoff.
But oh, what deeper loss shall his be, then,
Who, of his priesthood, made a lure to men !
Who drew in weaker souls, and led them
wrong :

His Gospel but a witching, wicked song !
Where, out of God's great love, shall that bad
wretch belong !

Lift up thy faith beyond the inner sky
Where, in deep peace, GOD ever sits on high :
Amid all sounds which meet there in His
praise,—
Which worlds and hosts, cherubs and seraphs
raise
To Him, far off and near, Ancient of Days,
One, only GOD, thrice holy Three in One,
Beyond time's death, as ere time was begun,
There He that calls thee in dread stillness
sits,
While, flashing everywhere, high, glorious music
flits.

To Him the rain-drop plashing on the sea,
The winged seed wafted from the forest-tree,
The insect's gaspings, and the sun's swift ray
Kindling up countless atoms in its way,
Each after each, to bring to earth the day
All, all are heard,—all things are heard,—yet
He
Hears thy thoughts moving in the midst of
thee.
Let not the busy world, with its loud din,

Let not the sweet, enticing calls of sin,
Let nothing draw thine ear from God's still
voice within !

He sees thee all ; the flashing of an eye ;
The changing cheek ; the bosom swelling
high ;
Yea the first impulse of the peaceful blood,
Ere, with fell passion's surge, it rushes to its
flood.

He sees the little pictures spread within
Thy mind's deep chambers, where no eye can
win :

As if no other thing on earth's smooth face,
But thou, alone, in clearest light had place,
As if He looked on thee and thee alone,
Thus open standest thou : thus seen, thus
known.

Look not on wrong, nor let the Tempter
dare

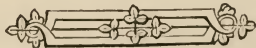
To find a back-way up into thy heart,
And open all his cursed, tempting ware
To bargain with thee for thy better part.
Thou hast no secrets that are hid from God ;
Thine inmost places by His feet are trod :
Hast thou sin there ? it lies before His sight :
Die, if thou must, but cast it from thee, quite !

If thou hast ever taken gifts of Hell
And then repented, and hast thrown them out,
And swept all clean (while bloody tear-drops
fell)

And scattered holy balms, the place about ;
Search yet again ; thou knowest but too well
If thine own hand have somewhere laid away
Some sin that penitence might overlook,
To come to light, some time, and draw astray
Thy weaker thoughts, or, at the Dreadful Day,
To stand revealed, and damn thee from God's
Book.

The spirit,—like the wind that wears no form
In wooing summer-breath, or ruthless storm,—
Breaks up the dark heart's strongly-frozen deep,
Or lays the whirl of earthly lusts to sleep.
He, only, is thy strength and warmth and light :
Trust well thy faith in Him, where faith is sight.

ROBERT LOWELL.



THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER ! Dread no
loss

Where *that* broad ensign floats
unrolled,

But let the fair and sacred Cross

Blaze out from every radiant fold :—

Stern foes arise, a countless throng,

Loud as the storms of Kara's sea,

But though the strife be fierce and long,

That Cross shall wave in victory.

Sound the shrill trumpet, sound, and call

The people of THE MIGHTY KING,

And bid them keep that standard all

In martial thousands gathering ;—

Let them come forth from every clime,

That lies beneath the circling sun,

Various, as flowers in that sweet clime

When flowers are,—IN HEART BUT ONE.


Soldiers of Heaven ! take sword and shield,
Look up to HIM who rules on high,
And forward to the glorious field,
Where noble martyrs bleed and die ;—
Press onward, scorning flight or fear,
As deep waves burst on Norway's coast,
And let the startled nations hear
The war-shout of the Christian host.

Lift up the Banner :—rest no more,
Nor let this righteous warfare cease,
Till man's last tribe shall bow before
THE LORD OF LORDS—THE PRINCE OF
PEACE :—
Go ! bear it forth, ye strong and brave ;
Let not those bright folds once be furled,
Till that high sun shall see them wave
Above a blest but conquered world.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.



I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

 LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.



CHRIST'S LEGACY.

HO deems that Holy Church
has lost
The priceless gift the Saviour
gave?
Or, as an idle bauble, tost
Beneath the curst world's hungry wave,
Her keys that, all this wide world o'er,
Oped to man's want God's spirit-store?
That now the Kingdom is but earth alone
Where man's poor sight and wisdom seek their
own?

Who deems that hidden Paradise,—
Its sweet cool shades, its living streams,
Its lustrous air, from seraph's eyes
Radiant with interwoven beams,
And the eternal Light divine
Filling up all with changeless shine,—

That these, and converse with the dwellers
there,
To men in spirit are not free as air ?

That His blest Kingdom—which, Christ said,
Should ever stand while earth doth stand,
And, when the last flames, fierce and red,
Should meet and burn up sea and land,
Transfigured through these fires should glow
Thenceforth no earthiness to know,—
That this hath not one, only, changeless
frame,
One as the Lord: on earth, in heaven, the
same ?

Or that the Body of the Lord,
The Godhead dwelling in the flesh,—
Is not, to us, as when that Word
In human nature dwelt afresh ?
Or that God's fulness, now, as then,
Doth not inhabit in us men,
A fulness that in each of us hath place
Of grace according to our growth in grace ?

Oh ! is not God the selfsame now
As when he put on human frame ?
His Body is the Church : and how
Is this, His Body, not the same ?

It is the same where'er Faith is :
Christ manifests himself in His :
Where Faith is not, to them is Christ no
 more
Indwelling, in the Spirit, as of yore.

This glorious Kingdom—rich within,
 And glowing with all spirit-powers—
There is no cause, but each man's sin,
 If all its treasures be not ours :
Our priests are gifted with the Word.
And every member of the Lord
Hath his own measure of the Holy Ghost :
In the most humble and obedient, most.

And in the Spirit, oh, what height
 The feet of faithful men do mount !
There glossy slopes flow all with light,
 And vales are rich with stream and fount.
The pure see God on every side ;
Them spirits gently serve and guide ;
While earth, to them, is sorrow, shame, and
 ill,
The Church is heaven on earth, about them
 still.

Sweet mysteries to them that love,
 Do lead to that eye hath not seen ;

An open sky is spread above
Wherein no cloud hath ever been.
The Word wells full in every heart ;
Deep calleth unto deep, apart ;
And Love, God's being, maketh them all
one
In Him, the Father, who are in the Son.

ROBERT LOWELL.



JERUSALEM, MY HOME

JERUSALEM, my Home,
I see thy walls arise ;
Their jasper clear and sardine stone
Flash radiance through the skies.
In clouds of heaven-descending,
With angel train attending,
Thy gates of glistening pearl unfold
On streets of glassy gold.
No sun is there, no day or night ;
But of seven-fold splendors bright,
Thy Temple is the LIGHT OF LIGHT,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where shines the royal Throne,
Each king casts down his golden crown
Before the Lamb thereon.
Thence flows the crystal River,
And, flowing on forever,

With leaves and fruits on either hand,
The Tree of Life shall stand.
In blood-washed robes, all white and fair,
The Lamb shall lead His chosen there,
While clouds of incense fill the air,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in triumph sing,
While, tuned in tones of golden harps,
Heaven's boundless arches ring.
No more in tears and sighing
Our weak hosannas dying,
But hallelujahs loud and high
Roll thundering through the sky.
One chorus thrills their countless throngs;
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
Fill them with overwhelming songs,
Jerusalem, my Home.

Jerusalem, my Home,
Thou sole all glorious Bride,
Creation shouts with joy to see
Thy Bridegroom at thy side :
The Man yet interceding,
His Hands and Feet yet bleeding,
And Him the billowy hosts adore
LORD GOD for evermore,

And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry
The choirs that crowd thy courts on high.
Resounding everlastingly,
Jerusalem, my Home,

Jerusalem, my Home,
Where saints in glory reign,
Thy haven safe, O when shall I,
Poor storm-tossed pilgrim, gain?
At distance dark and dreary,
With sin and sorrow weary,
For thee I toil, for thee I pray,
For thee I long alway.
And lo! mine eyes shall see thee, too:
O rend in twain, thou vail of blue,
And let the Golden City through—
Jerusalem, my Home!

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, Jr.



JERUSALEM.

ERUSALEM! Jerusalem!

It is not to behold
The glory of thy jasper-walls,
Thy streets of purest gold;

To see the twelve Apostles' names
Upon thy bulwark traced;
Thy gates—each one a solid pearl,
By each an angel placed;

The stream of life from 'neath the throne,
Nor yet that throne to see—
That I would pray, "O may my home
Be found at last in Thee!"


No earthly eye I know hath seen
The glories that are thine;
Nor ear hath heard such strains as rise
From 'mid the host divine.

But O ! than all thy streets can boast
My eager eyes would see ;
JESUS, the precious Lamb of God,
Who died to ransom me !

“Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Name ever dear to me,
O may at last my name be found,”
With CHRIST, my Lord, in Thee !
GEORGE H. HOUGHTON.



THE WORD.

N the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And, as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams further out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !


Till wail of woe, and clank of chain,
And bruit of battle stilled—
The world with Thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love! be thrilled.

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And Thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal World!

S. LONGFELLOW.



EXCEPT A MAN BE BORN AGAIN.

HOU must be born again :
Such was the solemn word
To him who came, not all in vain,
By night to seek his Lord.

Thou must be born again—
But not the birth of clay :
The immortal seed must thence obtain
Deliverance into day.

Thou, in thy inmost mind,
Must own the same control—
The same regenerating wind
Must move and guide thy soul.

Except thou choose and trace
The steps the Master trod,
Thou canst not be an heir of grace,
A conscious child of God.

The mortal's birth is past ;
The immortal's birth must be :
Seek well, and thou shalt find at last
That blest nativity.

JOHNS.



ON WITNESSING A BAPTISM.

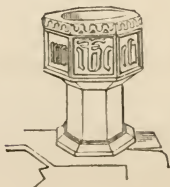
HE stood up in the meekness of
a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair
young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul had gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in heaven.
The prayers went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glowed fervently with faith
That it would be, even as he had prayed,
And the sweet child gathered to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on
Her lips moved silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of the beautiful child lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That, to the eye of God, that mother's tears
Would be another Covenant—which sin

And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken—and that she would
know


In the clear light of heaven, how very strong
The prayer which pressed them from her heart
had been

In leading its young spirit up to God.

N. P. WILLIS.



*SO THEY DID EAT AND WERE
FILLED.*

HOUSANDS completely fed
With a few loaves of bread
Such as would barely form one
household's fare,
And, when the feast was o'er,
The fragments were a store
Enough for needy hundreds still to share.


What was the Power that wrought
This wonder passing thought?
What but that WORD divine, which called of
yore
Systems and suns to grace
The mighty realms of space,
And then with life and beauty spread them
o'er?

God only can create ;—
None less could arrogate
The power to sway all nature with a nod :
O Christ ! be Thou adored,—
For that creative word
Which blessed the bread was God's,—and Thou
art GOD !

JOSEPH H. CLINCH.



*DEAR FRIEND WHOSE PRESENCE
IN THE HOUSE.*

EAR Friend, whose presence in the
house,
Whose gracious word benign
Could once, at Cana's wedding feast,
Change water into wine.

Come, visit us! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us, to make
Life's water glow as wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,


Grow bright with angel visits, when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine nor thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

J. F. CLARKE.



THE HOLY COMMUNION.

“ REAK ye the bread, and pour the
wine,
As ye have seen your Master do ;
This body and this blood of mine
Is broken thus and shed for you.”

Yes, mighty God! while life remains,
We will remember him who bled ;
Whom Death, in his cold, palsyng chains,
A captive and a victim led.

We will remember Him, by whom
Those strong and icy chains were riven ;
Who scattered round His opening tomb
Their broken links,—and rose to heaven.

And, while with gratitude we dwell
On all his tears of love and woe,


Let death's chill tide before us swell !
Let its still waters darkly flow !

We'll give our bodies to the stream ;
'Twill bear us—(for the dead shall rise,
Or faith is vain, and hope a dream,)
To fairer shores and brighter skies.

JOHN PIERPONT.



*EATING AND DRINKING WITH
CHRIST.*

LOW on sweet tears of joy and
peace,
Which none but saintly eyes dis-
distil ;

Ah that these tears might never cease,
Till love and rapture have their fill !
And would, this calm and soothing bliss,
That tells my heart it is forgiven,
Might always leave a thrill like this,
That wafts my spirit into heaven.

Ah ! there is something more than love,
Embalming, in its sweets, my heart ;
What can it be—'tis from above,
Oh may it never hence depart !
Say, is there some celestial balm
Dropt from the torrent joys of heaven,
Whose loveliness inspires a calm
Serenity than the calm of even ?

Is there some seraph-spirit sent,
Diffusing rapture from his wings,
To steep my bosom in content ;
Unknown, unfelt by earthly things ?
No, something purer far must dwell
Within this ravished soul of mine ;
'Tis what no mortal tongue may tell,
'Tis more than holy—'tis divine.

My God ! my Jesus ! is it Thou
Art rapturing my heart with bliss ?
Tell me, art Thou within me now :—
Could man deserve a boon like this ?
Yes, stooping from His heaven above,
(He cannot dwell from man apart)
His dearest throne, he makes my love,
The tabernacle of my heart.

CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE.



AN ANCIENT SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled !

O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art !
Oh let us freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness never wasting,
Avails from age to age.


Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore ;

Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more ;
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee ;
Then, Death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see !

Translated by RAY PALMER.



RELIGION IN YOUTH.

 F thou dost truly seek to live
With all the joys that life can give ;
If thy young feet would gladly press
The ways of peace and happiness ;


Go thou, with fresh and fervent love,
To Him who dwells in light above,
Who sees ten thousand suns obey,
Yet listens when the lowly pray.

Cling thou to Jesus faithfully,
As vines embrace their guardian tree ;
Nor shame thy pure and lofty creed,
Be His in thought, and word, and deed ;

And thou shalt breathe in this low world,
An eagle chained, with wings unfurled,
Prepared, when once thy bonds are riven,
To soar away, and flee to Heaven.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

*I WILL ARISE AND GO UNTO MY
FATHER.*

 O Thine eternal arms, O God !
Take us, Thine erring children,
in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of
sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without Thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength ;
Our strength proved false, or pride was
vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length—
We come to Thee, O Lord ! again.

A guide to trembling steps yet be!
Give us of Thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to Thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. HIGGINSON.



THE CHRIST CHILD.

ESUS a child His course begun :
How radiant dawned His heavenly
day !
And those who such a race would
run
As early should be on their
way.

His Father's business was His care ;
Yet in man's favour still He grew :
O, might we learn by thought and prayer,
Like Him a work of love to do !

For all mankind He came, nor yet
An infant's visit would deny ;
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In His last hour of agony.

O children ask Him to impart
That spirit clear, that temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her Child.

Bless Him who said, of such as you
His Father's kingdom is, and still,
His yoke to bear, His work to do,
Study His life to learn His will.

M. F. OSSOLI.



*PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF
GOD.*



YOUNG soldier of the cross, be-
ware!

A watchful foe besets thy way,
His bow is ready bent to slay

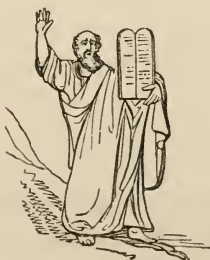
The soul unarmed and bare :—
Gird on thine armour for the fight,
Close on the left hand and the right.

Let truth's pure girdle belt thee round,
Let Christ's own righteousness complete
Protect thy breast,—and be thy feet
With Gospel fitness bound ;
Thy shield be Faith's unchanging light,
Salvation's hope thy helmet bright.

Grasp in thy hand that potent sword
In Heaven's high armoury prepared,

Quick to attack, and strong to guard,
The weapon of God's Word;
Then, strong in prayer, pursue thy way,
Nor foe shall crush nor arrow slay !

JOSEPH H. CLINCH.



STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

TILL, still with Thee—when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee !

Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

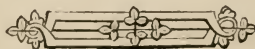
Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born
morning

A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe each day, nearness unto Thee and
Heaven.


When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee
there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee ;
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with
Thee.

MRS. STOWE.



THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

 O better days can ever rise ;
My cup is running over ;
From east to west I turn my eyes,
Nor faintest cloud discover.

My life, this lowly, human way,
Has more than purple splendour ;
And kingly guests come day by day,
Their kingly gifts to render.

The earth can never grow more fair :
I know her grand perfection,
And wait, while ages wax and wear,
With her for God's protection.

I tread with the immortal strength,
Nor fear the mortal feeling ;
What though I stoop to death at length ;
I find no room for wailing.

Joy makes me humbler than my sins ;
That I should see this glory !
That I should say " Lord enter in "—
And know Thee and adore Thee

I ask no gift beyond the gifts
Thy love, O Christ ! hath given ;
The fountain springing through the rifts,
And daily bread from heaven.

Shall I then walk with Thee, my God ?
With Thee, Thou all forgiving ?
Thy smile hath won me, not thy rod ;
I praise Thee with the *Living*.

Thy will is my eternal hope,
My will is in Thy keeping ;
Can I through heavenly sunlight grope ?
Mid angel songs stand weeping ?

The captive ransomed of the King,
Are exiled slaves, no longer ;
Oh heart, thy blest deliverer sing !
Lord, make this weak voice stronger !

I sing the power that doth restore !
A captive waits no longer ;
Freedom and life ? Oh, heart, adore !
God make this glad voice stronger !

For Thou art glorious in the praise
Thy love draws from Thy creature :
Wisdom Thou art ! Ancient of Days,
O Wisdom, be my teacher.

And teach me, Master, in Thy way :
Through loving human voices,
Through earth's great glory, day by day,
Through faith that aye rejoices.

Or as Thou wilt ! for death is dead,
And life is mine forever ;
Lead me, dear Lord, and I am led ;
Be Thine, all my endeavour.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.



*THE SPIRITUAL HUSBANDMAN'S
LAMENT.*



FT, in the summer days, I've marked
some wild
On which the sower vainly spent
his toil;
Heaven's showers distilled, but still no
verdure smiled
O'er all the cheerless length of that obdurate
soil.

How fitly pictures this dull waste, me-
thought,
The arid wilderness *I* plough in vain!
'Cursing' steals on apace, to doom the
spot
Where only thorns repay the Spirit's gracious
rain.

Lord of the vineyard, with Thy power
descend!

Breathe on these hearts of stone, and bid
them live!

The garden's beauty to the desert lend,
And for the encumbering weed the rose of
Sharon give!

BISHOP EASTBURN.



*WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE
DAY IDLE?*



WHAT can I do the cause of God
to aid?
Can powers so weak as mine
Forward the great design?
Not by young hands are mighty efforts made.

Not mighty efforts, but a willing mind,—
Not strong, but ready hands
The Vineyard's Lord demands;
For every age fit labour He can find.

Come, then, in childhood to the vineyard's
gate:
Even you can dress the roots,
And train the tender shoots,
Then why in sloth and sin contented wait?


To move the hardened soil,—to bend and lift
The fallen branch,—to tread
The wine-press full and red,—
These need a stronger arm—a nobler gift.

But all can aid the work. The little child
May gather up some weed,
Or drop some fertile seed,
Or strew with flowers the path which else were
dark and wild.

JOSEPH H. CLINCH.



THE BUILDERS.

 ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and
great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;

Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.


Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HYMN: FOR SISTERS OF MERCY.


ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasure still be
spent,

Like His, upon the Poor ;
Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The Poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

THE JOY UNKNOWN IN HEAVEN.

REMBLING, before Thine awful
throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own :
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend ; oh, smile, and heal the strife !

The Saviour smiles—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll !
His voice proclaims my pardon found ;
Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven :
Tears of such pure and rich delight,
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings ;

Loud in your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.



LABOUR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;

Hark how Creations's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven !
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps
glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labour is worship !"—the robin is singing ;
"Labour is worship !"—the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing
flower ;

From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his
part.

Labour is life !—'Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth :
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assailleth ;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of
noon.

Labour is glory !—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them
in tune.

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat
us ;

Rest from world-Sirens that lead us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow ;
Work — thou shalt ride o'er care's coming
billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping
willow :

Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
thee ;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly ;
Labour !—all labour is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

FRANCES OSGOOD.



*THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE.*



THOU Great Friend to all the sons
of men,
Who once appeared in humblest
guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe !

We look to Thee ; Thy truth is still the Light,
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes ! Thou art still the Life ; Thou art the
Way
The holiest know ;—Light, Life, and Way of
Heaven !

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou hast
given.

T. PARKER.

THE OVER-HEART.

“For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever.”



BOVE, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian
scan

The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,—
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight,—
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of Nature owns;—
Kneels trembling, by his altar-stones,

And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

God shapes the Terror : deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities ;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is He ?—the ripe grain nods,
The sweet dew's fall, the sweet flowers
blow ;
But darker signs His presence show :
The earthquake and the storm are God's,
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love ! Oh souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and blest !
To you the truth is manifest ;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon His breast.

In Him of whom the Sybil told,
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,
Whose need the sage and magian owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages groaned !

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride !
Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy Guide require ?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking where duty is desire,
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain ;
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of love alone remain.


How fall the idols false and grim !—
And lo ! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !
Man turns from God, not God from him ;
And guilt in suffering whispers Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsolated ;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
Oh heart of mine ! with reverence own
The fullness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE SOUL'S PROPHECY.LL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind ;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around.

From the spirit-land, afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

R. W. EMERSON.



PROVIDENCE.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower ;
Alike they're needful for the
flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !


O ne'er will I at life repine !
Enough that Thou hast made it mine ;

When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath—
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done !

SARAH F. ADAMS.



A GREAT KING, ABOVE ALL GODS.

OW pleasing is Thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King !
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !
The rains return, the ice distills,
And plains and hills forget to mourn.

The morn with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles ;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend ; the mild wind blows ;
And beauty glows to earth's far end.

Thy showers make soft the fields ;
On every side behold
The ripening harvest wave
Their loads of richest gold !
The labourers sing with cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice in God, their King.


The thunder is His voice ;
His arrows blazing fires ;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze His breath perfumes ;
His beauty blooms in flowers and trees.

With life He clothes the spring ;
The earth with summer warms ;
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides in wint'ry storms.
His gifts divine through all appear,
And round the year His glories shine.

DWIGHT.



*ALTHOUGH THE VINE ITS FRUIT
DENY.*

 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit
deny,
The budding fig-trees droop and
die,
No oil the olives yield,
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to His rod,
And by His grace be heal'd.

Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though His frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,

And round the empty stall ;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There God is all in all.

In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in His love :
My ling'ring soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

BISHOP H. U. ONDERDONK.



THE PEACE OF FAITH.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the
upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with
angry roar,
'Tis said, far down, beneath the wild commo-
tion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

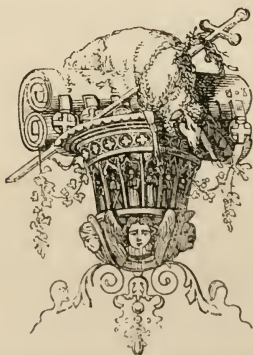
Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.


Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in
Thee.

O Rest of rests ! O Peace, serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

MRS. STOWE.



HYMN OF TRUST.

OVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest
tear,
On Thee are cast each earth-born
care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



*AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY
STRENGTH BE.*



WHEN adverse winds and waves
arise,
And in my heart despondence
sighs ;

When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,
Still to Thy promise, Lord ! I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be "

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last ;

And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

Y Faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine !

Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine !

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire !
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire !

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER.



FAITH.

SECURELY cabined in the ship
below,
Through darkness and through
storm I crossed the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me :
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That He who guides the good ship o'er the
waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway
traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering
maze ;
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain
pass,
Through thornset barren, and through deep
morass :
But strong in faith I tread the uneven
ways,

And bare my head unshrinking to the
blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me
cast ;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me, with a firmer grasp.

ANNE C. LYNCH.



STILL WILL WE TRUST.

TILL will we trust, though earth
seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His
chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and
weary,
Still will we trust in God !

Our eyes see dimly till by Faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and
pain ;
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

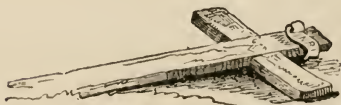
Choose for us, GOD !—nor let our weak prefer-
ring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast de-
signed :

Choose for us, GOD!—Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.


So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadows,
And Day pour gladness through his golden
gates ;
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled
meadows
Where Joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from loss—
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial ;
Our Crown, beyond the Cross.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.



FAITH'S REPOSE.

ATHER! beneath Thy sheltering
wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of Thy will obeys;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life Divine that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so Thy perfect peace to win:
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide—
The grace that yields so rich a store,
Will grant us all we need beside.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

*ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE
DEEP.*

ROCKED in the cradle of the
deep,
I lay me down in peace to
sleep ;

Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord ! hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call !
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death !

In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.



THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

ONWARD speed thy conquering
flight,
Angel, onward speed,
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede ;
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy ;
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.


Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward fly !
Long has been the reign of night ;
Bring the morning nigh.
Unto thee earth's sufferers lift
Their imploring wail ;
Bear them heaven's holy gift
Ere their courage fail.

Onward speed thy conquering flight,
Angel, onward speed !
Morning bursts upon our sight,
Lo ! the time decreed :
Now the Lord his Kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall ;
Now the joyous song awakes,
“ God is All in All ! ”

S. F. SMITH.



THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE.

ORD with glowing heart I'll praise Thee,
For the bliss Thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves
me,

And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O Lord, my weak endeavour,
This dull soul to rapture raise :
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away :
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :

Low before Thy footstep kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief pleasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And since words can never measure,
Let my love show forth Thy praise.

S. F. KEY.



TO GOD, MOST HIGH.

MY Lord, I have but Thee ;
Other friends are faint and few,
To myself I am not true ;
Yet, my God, Thou lovest me.

I am poor and have no more
But Thy love within my heart ;
Earth shall never tear apart
That which is my hidden store.

Many, many doubts and fears,
I have many pains and cares ;
But Thou camest, at unawares,
And I see Thee through my tears.

I would never be my own,
Nor on friends my heart strings twine ;
I do seek to be but Thine,
And to love but Thee alone.

Jesus ! while Thy cross I see,
Though my heart do bleed with woe,
By those blessed streams I know,
Blood of Thine was shed for me.

O my Lord ! be Thou my guide ;
Let me hold Thee by the hand,
Then, in drear and barren land,
I will seek no friend beside.

ROBERT LOWELL.



NEEDED BLESSINGS.

E ask not that our path be always
bright,
But for Thine aid to walk there-
in aright ;
That Thou, oh Lord ! through all its devious
way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that Earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes ;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With child-like faith we trust Thy guidance still,
And do Thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord ! to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood ; -
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,
Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise
Of thankfulness and praise.

Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply—
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye,
Nor vainly, from the depths, on Thee we call ;
Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,
Folds and encircles all.

Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and
prayer.
Saints won the starry crowns which now they
wear,
And by the bitter ministry of pain,
Grievous and harsh, but oh ! not sent in vain,
Found their eternal gain.

If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,
Till, victors over each besetting sin,
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,
And crowns of glory win.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

P R A Y E R.

O prayer, to prayer ;—for the morn-
ing breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile
awakes.

His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer :—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes
on.

Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where His children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are
bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

To prayer :—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of Creation's early bloom ;
It speaks of the Prince that burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering
band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling
hand.

What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parent and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful there,
And strengthen the fateful hour with prayer.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's
eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies :
Oh hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With a rapture a mother only knows :
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious
care.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;

Oh what is earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in the eye which the Spirit
 sends ;
There is peace in his calm confiding air ;
For his thoughts are with God, and his last
 words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
A voice to strengthen, to soothe, to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, " Thy brother shall rise
 again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they
 sing ;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise ;
And their voices of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given ;
For a life of prayer is a life of Heaven.

HENRY WARE, Jr.



CHRISTUS REMUNERATOR.

LIFTED hands of sovereign might,
That spread beyond where sin
can dare !

O tender eyes, whose loving light
Strikes through a blind world's dull despair !

How shall we claim one glance of Thee
Who hast all mortal fears to calm ?
Or, Son of David, cry, on me
Have mercy ? Nay Lord ! Here is balm.

Let me not thrust before Thine eyes
That seek where martyrs watch and wait,
A thankless life, that idly lies,
And brings no service, soon or late.

So many bondmen to release !
And devils dumb to exorcise.
Turbulent nations praying *peace* !
The grief I brought Thee voiceless lies.

It has no place, it has no name.

A gift of love to Love I bring,
The dark sky glows with living flame ;
Not grief and loss, but love, I sing.

Dear Love that heeds the bird in nest,
The singing bird, the dead in wood ;
Great love ! that smiles from East to West,
And fills all places as a flood.

Avenging Love ! But who shall call
Avenge me, Lord ! Oh Christ, we see
The lifted hands have wounds ! we fall
In silent shame to worship Thee.

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.



RESIGNATION.

HERE is no flock, however watched
and tended,

But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-
fended,

But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells of the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps.

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though un-
spoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the
ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up
in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet
wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for
me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's
flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of
the night ;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant
more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat
of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,
now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow ;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought ;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze !

Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the
restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we
know not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shewn and
then withdrawn ;
But still the sun shines round me : the evening
bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient
gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and
wait.

Once more the gates are opened ; an infant
group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled
the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green
sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind
that blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by
side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and
men of pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those
pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along
the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks
are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in
drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the
gracious eye
Of Him the Sinless Teacher, who came for us
to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my
heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to
depart,
And in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood
and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for
me.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MY PSALM.

MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and sighing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff—I lay
 Aside my toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
 I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
 Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
 Blow through the Autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
 Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
 Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
 The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
 Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
 To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track :—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
Of Love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

HY cruel crown of Thorns !
But where, O Lord, is mine ?
Are there for me no scoffs and
scorns,
Since only such were Thine ?

Or having named Thy name,
Shall I no burden take ?
And is there left no thorn, no shame,
To suffer for Thy sake ?

Unscourged of any whip,
Unpierced of any sting,—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With Thy sad suffering !

Yet Thy dread sacrifice
So fills my soul with woe,

That all the fountains of mine eyes
Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced Thy side
Gave wounds to more than Thee.
Within my soul, O Crucified,
Thy Cross is laid on me.

And as Thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about stood flowers in bloom,
To sweeten all the air,—

So in my heart of stone
I sepulchre Thy death,
While thoughts of Thee, like roses blown,
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my Dead!—
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead,
Her spices all for nought,—


O Lord, not so depart
From my enshrining breast,
But lie anointed in a heart
That by Thy death is blest.

Or if Thou shalt arise,
Abandon not Thy grave,
But bear it with Thee to the skies,—
A heart that Thou shalt save !

THEODORE TILTON.



THE HOUR-GLASS.

 LAS! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the hours along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by,—
The burden of a song;
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow;
Time *was*—time *shall be*—drain the glass—
But where in Time is Now?

Time is the measure but of change,
No present hour is found;
The Past, the Future, fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is *now*? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned "I AM."

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer lean;

But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affection wean ;
To God let votive accents rise ;
With truth—with virtue live ;
So all the bliss that Time denies,
Eternity shall give.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.



THE ALPINE SHEEP.

WHEN on my ear your loss was
knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory
welled,
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst ;

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death,
Like a long twilight haunting lay,—

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,

The story of the Alpine Sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb,—

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain side,—
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the Shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,—

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead
The Shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.


A blissful vision, through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,—

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.



LOWLY AND SOLEMN BE.

OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine ;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine !

O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down—
Sustain us, Thou !

By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DYING, AND YET LIVING.

HE died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb :
It bloomed to die—she died to
bloom ;
Her summer hath not sped.


She died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw her jewels all unset ;
But God let fall a coronet
To crown her ransomed head.

She died—yet is not dead !
Ye saw her gazing toward a sky
Whose lights are shut from mortal eye ;
She lingered—yearned—and fled.

She died—yet is not dead !
Through pearly gate, on golden street,
She went her way with shining feet :—
Go ye, and thither tread !

THEODORE TILTON.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERINGS.

66  PERFECT through sufferings":
may it be,
Saviour, made perfect, thus, for
me!

I bow, I kiss, I bless the rod,
That brings me nearer to my God.

"Perfect through suffering": be Thy Cross
The crucible to purge my dross!
Welcome, for that, its pangs, its scorns,
Its scourge, its nails, its crown of thorns.

"Perfect through suffering": heap the fire,
And pile the sacrificial pyre;
But spare each loved and loving one,
And let me feed the flames, alone.

“Perfect through suffering”: urge the blast,
More free, more full, more fierce, more fast;
It reeks not where the dust be trod,
So the flame waft my soul to God.

BISHOP DOANE.



BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

H, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor
keep ;
The Power who pities man, has
shown

A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,

Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the goodman's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart
And spurned of man, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



ΣΤΗΘΙ ΕΔΡΑΙΟΣ ΩΣ ΑΚΜΩΝ ΤΥΠΤΟ-
ΜΕΝΟΣ.

ST. IGNATIUS TO ST. POLYCARP. (Both Martyrs.)

66



TAND like an anvil," when
the stroke,
Of stalwart men, falls fierce
and fast ;

Storms, but more deeply, root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower ;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast ;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence, its rest.

“Stand like an anvil,” when the sound
Of pond’rous hammers pains the ear ;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

“Stand like an anvil ;” noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time ;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

BISHOP DOANE.



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

HERE is a Reaper, whose name is
Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that glow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he;
“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to
me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled;

“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

WITHIN her downy cradle, there
lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels
unseen upon her smiled ;
When a strife arose among them, a loving, holy
strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing over the
new-born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in
beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an
eye of azure hue ;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for
the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh
delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as
musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling
streamlet's fall ;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words
of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her, as to look upon
her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle
mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem
enshrined ;
Till all who knew her wondered, that God
should be so good,
As to bless with such a spirit a world so cold
and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and
truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into
youth ;
And to our hearts yet dearer, every moment
than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart
could not love her more.

Then out spake another angel, nobler, brighter
than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her
to his breast :
“ Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of
mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o’er
her face ;

“ Ye have tuned to gladness only, the accents of
her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish, shall from her
lips be wrung ;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from
within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know a
sense of sin.


“ Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her
far away,
Where there is no sin, nor anguish, nor sorrow,
nor decay ;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your
gifts shall be—
Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with immor-
tality ! ”

Then on his heart, our darling yielded up her
gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her
best, was DEATH.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.



THE CHANGELING.

 HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair ;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,

How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me !

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away ;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosened the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled :
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see


All the wonders of fanciful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

The child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



DIES IRÆ.

AY of vengeance, without morrow !
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah ! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended.

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary Thou hast sought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me ;—
Spare the hope Thy labours brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favour turning,
Save my soul from endless burning !

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning ;
Save, O save me from the burning !

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition !

JOHN A. DIX.

Translated from the Breviary.

O, ANGEL OF THE LAND OF PEACE.

ANGEL of the land of peace,
When wilt thou ever come for
me?

I fain would be where sorrows
cease,

I dread no more thy kind release,
I wait for thee.

Sleep shuns mine eyes—mine inner sight
Is turning dimly heaven-ward,
To that far land of love and light,
Where angels all the silent night
Earth's children guard.

My yearning soul would fain demand,
O, holy angels, pure and blest,
Where, 'mid yon happy, shining band,
In all the heavenly Fatherland,
My lost ones rest!

Thou, who alone, when man forgot
His heavenly innocence, and fell !
Still pitying, lingered round the spot
To soothe the anguish of his lot—
Thou, Thou canst tell !

For Thou, with sweet and loving smile,
Didst gently lure them to Thy breast,
And bear them from this world of guile,
Thy pale, pure angel lips the while
Upon them prest.

Dark grew my soul—till down the air
Thy seraph-smile upon me fell !
And then I knew, from sin and care,
That Thou my little ones didst bear
With God to dwell !

O, angel of the land of peace !
When wilt Thou ever come for me ?
I fain would be where sorrows cease ;
I dread no more Thy kind release ;
I wait for Thee !

MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

VISIT ME WITH THY SALVATION.

WILT Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy
gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.


Come ! for I need Thy love,
More than the flower, the dew, or grass the
rain ;
Come, like Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ; Thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with Thine in peace to
dwell.

JONES VERY.



THE SPIRIT, IN OUR HEARTS.

 HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the church of Christ,
proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

Yea, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so! we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

BISHOP H. U. ONDERDONK.

A SUPPLICATION.

LOVE Divine ! lay on me burdens,
if Thou wilt ;
Burdens to break, in mercy, my
fond, feverish sleep ;
Turn comforts into awful prophets to my
guilt,
Let me but at Thy wondrous footstool fall
and weep !

Visit and change, uplift, ennoble, recreate
me !

Ordain whatever masters in Thy saving
school ;
Let the whole eager host of Fashion's flatterers
hate me,
So Thou wilt henceforth guide me by Thy
loving rule.

I pray not, Lord, to be redeemed from mortal
sorrow ;
Redeem me only from my vain and mean self-
love ;
Then let each night of grief lead in a mourning
morrow,
Fear shall not shake my trust in Thee,—my
Peace above.

Yet while the Resurrection waves its signs
august,
Like morning's dewy banners on a cloudless
sky,
My weak feet cling enamoured to the parching
dust,
And, on the sand, poor pebbles lure my roving
eye.

Ye witnessings of silent, sad Gethsem-
ane,—
That shaded garden whence light breaks for
all our earth,—
Around my anguish let your faithful influence
be !
Ye prayers and sighs divine, be my immortal
birth !

Vales of Repentance mount to hills of high
desire ;

Seven times seven years earn the Sabbatic
Rest ;

Earth's fickle, cruel lap—alternate frost and
fire—

Tempers beloved disciples for the Master's
breast.

O Way for all that live ! heal us by pain and
loss ;

Fill all our years with toil, and bless us with
Thy rod.

Thy bonds bring wider freedom ; climbing by
Thy cross,

Wins that brave height where looms the city
of our God !

O Sunshine, rising ever on our night of sad-
ness !

O Best of all our good, and Pardoner of our
sin !

Look down with pity on our unbelieving mad-
ness !

To Heaven's great welcome take us, home-
sick pilgrims, in !

Spirit that overcame the world's long tribulation

Try faltering faith, and make it firm through
much enduring ;

Feed weary hearts with patient hopes of thy
salvation ;

Make strait submission, more than luxury's
ease, alluring.

Hallow our wit with prayer ; our mastery steep
in meekness ;

Pour on our study inspiration's holy
light ;

Hew out, for Christ's dear Church, a Future
without weakness,

Quarried from Thine Eternal Beauty, Order,
Might !

Met, there, mankind's great Brotherhood of souls
and Powers,

Raise thou full praises from its farthest corners
dim ;

Pour down, O steadfast Sun, thy beams on all
its towers ;

Roll through its wide-world spaces Faith's
majestic hymn.

Come, age of God's own Truth, after man's
age of Fables !

Seed sown in Eden, yield the nation's healing
tree !

Ebal and Sinai, Mamre's tents, the Hebrew
tables,

All look towards Olivet, and bend to Calvary.

Fold of the tender Shepherd ! rise, and spread !

Arch o'er our frailty roofs of everlasting
strength !


Be all the Body gathered to its living Head !

Wanderers, we faint : O, let us find our
Lord at length.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.



THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

EE before us, in our journey,
broods a mist upon the ground ;
Thither leads the path we walk in,
blending with that gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mys-
tery they screen ;
Those who once have passed within it never
more on earth are seen.
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seem-
ing distance lowers,
Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with
summer-green and flowers.
Yet it blots the way forever ; there our journey
ends at last ;
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered
to the past.
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading
through a stranger-land,

Passes down the rocky valley, walking with me
hand in hand,
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that
dim Unknown?
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty
path alone?
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is
white with fear,
And thou clingest to my side as comes that
darkness sweeping near.
“Here,” thou say’st, “the path is rugged, sown
with thorns that wound the feet;
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivu-
let’s song is sweet;
Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend
from hedges brown;
Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sun-
shine gushes down;
Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose
looks and voices make
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for
their sake.
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that
chilly shadow lies,
From the things I know and love, and from the
sight of loving eyes.”
So thou murmurest, fearful one; but see, we
tread a rougher way;

Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon
the dark rocks play ;
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the
craggs o'er which we pass ;
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss
with tufts of withered grass.
One by one we miss the voices which we
loved so well to hear ;
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow dis-
appear.
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with
closer view ;
See beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning
glimmers through.
One whose feet the thorns have wounded pass-
ed that barrier and came back,
With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the
dreary track.
Boldly enter where He entered ; all that seems
but darkness here,
When thou hast passed beyond it, haply shall
be crystal clear.
Viewed from that serener realm, the walks of
human life may lie,
Like the page of some familiar volume, open to
thine eye ;
Haply from the o'erhanging shadow, thou may'st
stretch an unseen hand,

To support the wavering steps that print with
blood the rugged land.
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting
thou art near,
Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of
comfort in his ear,
Till beyond the border where that brooding
mystery bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand
with thee in peace and light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE DAYS OF SIN.

H, mournful, mournful time !
I prayed : but sin was there :
Sin crept upon my prayer,
And made my prayer a crime !

I prayed, and prayed again :
But sin was in it still !
It throttled my weak will ;
I struggled but in vain.

I burned by day and night,
I feared that fire of sin—
Its covering seemed so thin—
Would show to other's sight !

My daily work I did,—
I talked of Heaven and Hell,
Full often and full well,—
But ah ! what woe I hid !

It seemed as if my fate
Were up: in Satan's mesh—
A damnéd soul in flesh—
I lived beyond my date.

Christ's life in me seemed lost !
Where was the promise now,
Sealed to me when my brow
In his blest sign was crossed ?

I strove to fly from me ;
Always it was the same ;
Hell was where'er I came ;
God's wrath I could not flee.

Such life I loathed to keep,
But could I dare to die ?
Heaven's walls so hopeless high,
And Hell a soundless deep ?

My heart aye told me well
I gave myself away,
To be the Devil's prey—
By my own hand I fell.

I struggled once for all ;
God's altar—there I prayed ;
And bitter cry I made
Behind my closet wall.


A change began to be !
I felt the Breath of Life ;
For Heaven and Hell was strife :
I struggled, and was free !

Ah ! now the strife was done :
I sought the Flesh and Blood ;
I ate salvation's food ;
My soul to Christ was won.

ROBERT LOWELL.



THE WAY.

 CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark the grave is ; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

For the same hand that doth unbind
The winter winds, sends sweetest showers,
And the poor rustic laughs to find
His April meadows full of flowers.

I said I could not see the way,
And yet what need is there to see,
More than to do what good I may,
And trust the great strength over me ?


Why should my spirit pine, and lean
From its clay house ; or, restless, bow,
Asking the shadows, if they mean
To darken always, dim as now ?

Why should I vainly seek to solve
Free will, necessity, the pall?
I feel—I know—that God is love,
And knowing this, I know it all.

ALICE CARY.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee :
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;

All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

ABIDE IN ME.

HAT mystic word of Thine, O
Sovereign Lord !
Is all too pure, too high, too deep
for me ;
Weary with striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee

Abide in me—o'ershadowed by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin.

Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine—calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it
thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand
divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the
chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.


Abide in me : there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy
power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be ;
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

MRS. STOWE.



LOOK ALOFT.

N the tempest of life, when the wave
and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing
should fail,
If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution
depart,
“Look aloft!” and be firm, and be fearless of
heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity’s glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each
woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds
are arrayed,
“Look aloft!” to the friendship which never
shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light
to thine eyes,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,

Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft!” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy
heart,

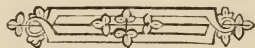
The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft!” from the darkness and dust of
the tomb,

To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.


And oh ! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy
heart,

And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft!” and
depart.

J. LAWRENCE.



THE VICTORY OF LIFE.

 ONCE made search, in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind.

I toiled for riches—as if these
Could bring the spirit ease!

I turned aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before.

I tasted then of love and fame,
But hungered still the same.

I chose the sweetest paths I knew,
Where only roses grew.

Then fell a voice from out the skies,
With message in this wise:

“O my disciple! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet?”

“Thy Master, even for His head,
Had only thorns instead!”

Then, drawn as by a heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,

And walked on cutting flints and stones.
I said with tears and groans:

“O Lord! my feet, where Thou dost lead,
Shall follow though they bleed!”

As then I saw He chose my path
For discipline, not wrath,

I walked in weakness, till at length
I suffered unto strength.

Nor ever were my trials done,
But straightway new begun.

For when I learned to cast disdain
Upon some special pain,

He gave me sharper strokes to bear,
And pierced me to despair.

Until, so sorely was I pressed,
I broke beneath the test,

And fell within the Tempter's power.
Yet in the evil hour,

Bound hand and foot, I cried, "O Lord!
Break Thou the three-fold cord!"

And while my soul was at her prayer,
He snatched me from the snare.

I then approached the gate of death,
Where, struggling for my breath,

I smote my coward knees in fear,
Aghast to stand so near!

Yet when I shivered in the gloom,
Down-gazing in the tomb,

"O Lord!" I cried, "bear Thou my sin,
And I will enter in!"

But He by whom my soul was tried
Not yet was satisfied.

For then he crushed me with a blow
Of more than mortal woe,

Till bitter death had been relief
To my more bitter grief.

Yet, bleeding, panting in the dust,
I knew His judgment just ;

And, as a lark with broken wing
Sometimes has heart to sing,

So I, all shattered, still could raise
To His dear name the praise !

Henceforth I know a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care.

For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And murmurs with complaint,

My spirit cries, THY WILL BE DONE !
And finds the victory won.

THEODORE TILTON.



THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

UT and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red
chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-
land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow ;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,

The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese ?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace ;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain !

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.


And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our hearts faint at the oar ;

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



HOME FOR THE WEARY.

 HERE is an hour of peaceful
rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast :
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.


There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven !

W. B. TAPPAN.



BOW, ANGELS, FROM YOUR GLORIOUS STATE.

OW, angels, from your glorious state,
If e'er on earth you trod,
And lead me through the golden gate
Of prayer, unto my God.

I long to gather from the Word
The meaning full and clear,
To build unto my gracious Lord
A tabernacle here.

Against my heart the tempests beat,
The snows are falling chill,
When shall I hear the voice so sweet,
Commanding, Peace, be still!

The angels said, God giveth you
His love—what more is ours?
Even as the cisterns of the dew
O'erflow upon the flowers,

His grace descends ; and, as of old,
He walks with men apart,
Keeping the promise, as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

ALICE CARY.



THE PURER PATH.

O bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

Far from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon the hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from night ;
The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendour downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled ;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side !

“ So,” prayed we, “ when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father!—let Thy light break through!

“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!


“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth;

“And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



LIGHT AND LOVE.

IGHT waits for us in heaven : Inspiring
thought !
That when the darkness all is
overpast,
The beauty which the Lamb of God has bought
Shall flow about our savéd souls at last,
And wrap them from all night-time and all woe :
The Spirit and the Word assure us so.

LOVE lives for us in heaven : Oh, not so sweet
Is the May dew which the mountain flowers
inclose,
Nor golden raining of the winnowed wheat,
Nor blushing out of the brown earth, of rose,
Or whitest lily, as, beyond time's wars,
The silvery raising of these two twin stars !

ALICE CARY.

IMMORTALITY.

O think for aye ; to breathe immortal
breath ;

And know nor hope, nor fear, of
ending death ;

To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of
thought ;

O God, omnipotent ! who in me wrought
This conscious world, whose ever-growing orb,
When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
Will be but as begun,—O, of Thine own,
Give of the holy light that veils Thy throne,
That darkness be not mine, to take my place,
Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space !
So may this wondrous Life, from sin made free,
Reflect Thy love for aye, and to Thy glory be.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

*O ALL YE WORKS OF THE LORD,
BLESS YE THE LORD.*



THOU, that once on Horeb stood
Revealed within each burning
tree,
To-day, as well, in each green wood,
Be seen by hearts that yearn for Thee.
Each shining leaf is bright with God,
Each bough, a prophet's "budding rod,"
Each by Thy flaming sun illumed,
Yet each, like Horeb's, unconsumed.


O Thou, whose hand poured Jordan's stream,
Whose Angel-dove hung o'er its wave,
To hallow with a heavenly gleam
The Son whose love a world would save ;—
Bring from the waters at our side
Some whisper, gentle as their tide,
Saying, like Christ on Galilee—
That holier lake,—Peace, Peace to thee !

We pray, O Lord, who touched the mount,
We pray through Him who stilled the sea,—
May every outward sight a fount
Of inward life and courage be.
The radiant bush, the white-winged dove,
The fire of faith, the peace of love,
Uplift our souls, and urge them on
To take the cross, to wear the crown.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.



CORRESPONDENCES.

LL things in nature are beautiful
types to the soul that reads them ;
Nothing exists upon earth, but for
unspeakable ends,
Every object that speaks to the senses was meant
for the spirit ;
Nature is but a scroll ; God's handwriting there-
on.
Ages ago when man was pure, ere the flood
overwhelmed him,
While in the image of God every soul yet lived,
Every thing stood as a letter or word of a lan-
guage familiar,
Telling of truths which now only the angels
can read.
Lost to man was the key of those sacred hiero-
glyphics,
Stolen away by sin, till by heaven restored.

Now with infinite pains we here and there spell
out a letter,
Here and there will the sense feebly shine through
the dark.

When we perceive the light that breaks through
the visible symbol,
What exultation is ours! *We* the discovery
have made!

Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam
lived sinless in Eden,
Only long hidden it slept, and now again is
revealed.

Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every
moment,
Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he
is prone,
Little dreaming that every thing here has its
own correspondence

Folded within its form, as in the body the soul.
Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though
much is forgotten,
And though our commonest speech, illumine
the path of our thoughts.

Thus doth the lordly sun shine forth a type of
God-head ;
Wisdom and love the beams that stream on a
darkened world.

Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to
the desert,
And the fountain of life opens itself to the
thirst.

Thus doth the word of God distil like the rain
and the dew-drops ;

Thus doth the warm wind breathe like to the
Spirit of God ;

And the green grass and the flowers are signs of
the regeneration.

O Thou Spirit of Truth, visit our minds once
more ;

Give us to read in letters of light the language
celestial,


Written all over the earth, written all over the
sky—

Thus may we bring our hearts once more to
know our Creator,

Seeing in all things around, types of the Infinite
Mind.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

THE FOUNTAIN.

EEP within a quiet valley
Burst a fountain forth to light ;
Burst, and sprang instinctive upward—

For its source was on the height.
But its bright and eager waters
Gained not far their upward track ;
Bonds invisible detained them,
And they fell exhausted back !

On that fountain's crystal margin
Dreamily I sat reclined,
Listened to the fountain's music,
Wished I might its chain unbind !
Thought, though hands unseen extending
Still drew back its silver rain,
Summer suns would soon release it—
Soon as cloud 'twould mount again !

* * * * *


In my bosom's quiet valley
 Bursts the fount of life its sod ;
Bursts, and springs instinctive upward—
 For its lofty source is God !
But that striving spirit-fountain
 Gains not far its upward track ;
Bonds invisible detain it—
 Oft it sinks exhausted back !

On that fountain's crystal margin
 Sits a spirit, still-reclined !
Radiant, now, with silver pinion—
 But a soul, from earth refined !
Still that gentle spirit watches,
 Waits till mine shall rend its chain ;
While its pinion, half-unfolding,
 Lures my soul the height to gain !

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



THE INDIAN SUMMER.

 HE smile of summer's golden brow
Into a deepening frown has
passed;

I hear stern winter's coming now
Muttered upon the sullen blast :
The leaves that danced in careless glee
Are dropping with each harsher breath ;
And on each quivering cheek I see
Glisten the hectic bloom of death.

Yet o'er this autumn landscape sad
Has crept unseen a mellow day ;
November's scowling eye is glad
With all the kindling fire of May.
Peeps a stray bluebird from his nook,
His half-forgotten tune to sing ;
And the green alder by the brook
Smiles, as if dreaming of the spring.

I watch, in this long twilight-hush,
Lake, woodland bathed in soft repose,
And yonder hill, whose burning blush
Beneath the sun's fond kisses glows.
A trance of joy o'er earth and air !
A Sabbath eve of holy bliss,
That prophecies a morrow, fair
As is the memory of this.

And now, on wingéd fancies bright,
As the first wren his exile leaves,
I build my nest of brooding thought
Beneath the well-remembered eaves.
Sweet season ! in thy happy face,
Thou summer's lingering, orphan child !
The image of the past I trace,
The joy that out of sorrow smiled.

I see above me hang the clouds,
Long darkling o'er the early years ;
I think of loves the grave enshrouds ;
Of eyes oft wet with bitter tears :
Rose-buds of youth, whose petals white
Opened dew-gemmed ;—but ah ! how brief
That morning dream ! the frost of night
Palsied so soon the new-born leaf.

Fade, fade away, ye mists of pain !
I stand above my silent dead ;

Thro' glistening tear-drops of the rain
The sunbeam gilds the grassy bed :
And see ! where one white blossom lies,
Nestling amidst the mosses deep,
And whispers with its starry eyes ;—
God giveth His beloved sleep.


O hallowed, healing eventide !
O mild-eyed loiterer of the year !
Thou goest, but not with thee glide
These kindly hopes that linger here.
Still whisper, as thy foot departs,
Soft in the gloaming of the West,
The after-sunshine of our hearts,
The Indian Summer of the breast.

E. A. WASHBURN.



HYMN TO NIGHT.

(Suggested by the bas-relief of Thorwaldsen.)

ES! bear them to their rest ;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare
of day,
The prattler, fallen asleep e'en in
his play ;
Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O Night ;
Bless them in dreams with a deep-hushed
delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Ay, to the conscience pain :
O Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight ?

Canst thou not bear them far
E'en now, all innocent, before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of woe,
The world's distracting jar,
O Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height ?

Canst thou not bear them up,
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,
O Night,
The cup of wrath, for hearts in faith contrite ?

To Him, for them who slept
A babe all lowly on his mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crowned Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light ?

Go, lay their little heads
Close to that human heart, with love divine
Deep-beating, while His arms immortal twine
Around them, as He sheds,
O Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the deathless flowers of Paradise ;
Where angel songs of welcome with surprise
 This their last sleep may break,
 O Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow ;
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
For, ever young, through Heaven's eternal years,
 In one unfading morrow,
 O Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain, their cherub beauty
 blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless—and so calm—at rest with Thee,—
And only wake in immortality !
 Bear us with them away,
 O Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height !
 GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

THE HOURS.

I.—A.M.



ONE! Lord, whose daily mercies
number

My waking hours and hours of
slumber,

Launched on life's everlasting sea,
I ask the gales that waft to Thee!

II.

Two! 'Tis the watcher's loneliest hour;
The realm of night has darkest power:
O Father, let Thine angels keep
Kind watches o'er a world asleep!

III.

THREE! Ere the dawn's first infant breath,
Floats o'er the vales the chill of death;

Oh, drive these murky shades afar,
And come, thou bright and morning Star !

IV.

FOUR ! And the early laborer wakes ;
Gray o'er the hills the day-dawn breaks ;
Oh, warm my heart, celestial ray,
And shine, and mount, till all be day !

V.

FIVE ! And beside their peaceful beds
Bow golden locks and hoary heads ;
And blessings load the balmy air,
And strew the way of praise and prayer.

VI.

SIX ! Night is past, and day is here ;
Its voices murmur to my ear—
“Twelve hours the great Taskmaster gave ;
Work, and BE MINDFUL OF THY GRAVE !”

VII.

SEVEN ! Give this day our daily bread !
'Tis Thou the countless board hast spread
Where households meet, and kneel, and part,
For hall and chamber, field and mart.

VIII.

EIGHT ! And the hours are swift of flight,
Where love, and home, and young delight,
And hope, and cheerful labour, leave
No spectres for the distant eve.

IX.

NINE ! Blessings, blessings on the sound
Of humble school-bells, clashing round !
The merry sowers forth they ring,
And gray-haired men the sheaves shall bring.

X.

TEN ! Here we till no Eden's soil ;
All worthy gain is wrung by toil :
The world's vast toil, O Father, guide !
Thy kingdom first, then all beside !

XI.

ELEVEN ! And morn has sped so soon ;
Haste, or the journey stays till noon :
Woe, if the joyous noonday sun
Look down, and naught be yet begun !

XII.

TWELVE ! Heaven puts on its dazzling robe,
And festal pomp girds round the globe ;

For God is love, and life, and light,
And joy, and majesty, and right.

I.—P.M.

ONE! One step downward! Oh, be mine
The faithful morning's rich decline,
And faith's calm vision clear and clearer,
As hope's bright shore grows near and nearer!

II.

TWO! Victory hovering in the West,
The soldier craves not soon to rest;
With wiser heart and cooler nerve,
Content to suffer and to serve.

III.

THREE! Shadowing clouds course o'er the plain,
And gentle breezes curl the main;
And sober toil is half repose,
While day sinks lovelier than it rose.

IV.

FOUR! If along life's dusty street
A moment pause my wayworn feet,
May some kind angel stoop and smile,
And whisper sweet, "A little while!"

V.

FIVE! The long shadows of the hills,
A pensive pleasing music fills,
Where Nature, with all sounds of peace,
Gives the kind signal of release.

VI.

SIX! And the twelve hours' toil is past!
O Father, bring us home at last!
Home, as at eve we love to meet;
No clouded eye, no vacant seat!

VII.

SEVEN! And as star by star appears,
All heaven the desert wanderer cheers,
Maps the dark pathway o'er the billow,
And smiles on childhood's weary pillow.

VIII.

EIGHT! Now the moon, with silver shield,
Pale splendour pours o'er wave and field:
Oh thus, when brighter joys depart,
Let soothing peace still fold my heart!

IX.

NINE! And our curfew! Bending low,
"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;"

And Thou, whose love the long day gave,
Still pardon, succour, guide, and save !

X.

TEN ! Who would loiter in the dance,
Where pleasure hangs on folly's glance,
While night sits throned in starry blaze,
And tells us more than all our days ?

XI.


ELEVEN ! The sentry walks the camp ;
The student lingers o'er the lamp :
The world may sleep, but I would wake,
And watch, and toil, for love's sweet sake.

XII.

TWELVE ! Echoing through the midnight halls,
The knell of time to judgment calls :
O, Saviour, write my daily story,
Till I shall sleep, and wake in glory !

BISHOP BURGESS.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ORD! who, o'erlooking sin and sin,
Still lengthen'st out my days,
Let me this new-born year begin
With love, and prayer, and praise!


As Thou, through all the chequered past,
Hast safely kept my way,
Secure on Thee, until the last,
I'll lean from day to day.

Whate'er the mercies Thou shalt shower,
Grace be the chiefest gift!
And heavenward, with its sovereign power,
My grovelling spirit lift!

And, when these numbered years no more
Shall mark my fleeting race,
Provide, upon the eternal shore,
Even for *me*, a place.

BISHOP EASTBURN.

MISERERE DOMINE.

HOU, who lookest with pitying eye
From Thy radiant home on high,
On the Spirit tempest-tost,
Wretched, weary, wandering, lost ;
Ever ready help to give,
And entreating, "Look and Live !"
By that love exceeding thought,
Which from Heaven the Saviour brought ;
By that mercy which could dare
Death to save us from despair,
Lowly bending at Thy feet,
We adore, implore, entreat,
Lifting heart and voice to Thee—

Miserere Domine !

With the vain and giddy throng,
FATHER ! we have wandered long,
Eager from Thy paths to stray,
Chosen the forbidden way ;

Heedless of the light within,
Hurried on from sin to sin,
And with scoffers madly trod
On the mercy of our God !
Now to where Thine altars burn,
Penitently we return :
Though forgotten, Thou hast not
To be merciful forgot ;
Hear our suppliant cries to Thee—

Miserere Domine !

From the burden of our grief
Who but Thou, can give relief?
Who can pour salvation's light
On the darkness of our night ?
Bowed our load of sin beneath,
Who redeem our souls from death ?
If in man we put our trust,
Scattered are our hopes like dust !
Smitten by Thy chastening rod,
Lo ! we cry to Thee, our God !
From the perils of our path,
From the terrors of Thy wrath,
Save us, when we look to Thee—

Miserere Domine !

Where the pastures greenly grow,
Where the waters gently flow,

And beneath the sheltering Rock,
With the Shepherd rests the flock—
Oh, let us be gathered there,
Under Thy paternal care ;
Love and labour, and rejoice
With the people of thy choice,
Till the toils of life are done,
Till the fight is fought and won,
And the crown with heavenly glow
Sparkles on the victor's brow !
Hear the prayer we lift to Thee,

Miserere Domine !

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.



